

just a lightbulb  
and a potbelly,  
grayhaired,  
and glad to have  
the room.

...in the morning  
they're out there  
making money:

judges, carpenters,  
plumbers, doctors,  
newsboys, policemen,  
barbers, carwashers,  
dentists, florists,  
waitresses, cooks,  
cabdrivers...

and you turn over  
to your left side  
to get the sun  
on your back  
and out  
of your eyes.

### The End

here they come  
grey and beastly  
rubbing out the night  
with their bloodred torches,  
Numbo! they scream,  
hail Numbo!  
and grocer John gets  
on the floor and hugs  
his precious eggs  
and sausage,  
and a divine photo  
of Lady Godiva  
fell down when her  
horse went down,  
and the bats of  
Babe Ruth got up and  
strutted their



averages  
around a dark bar,  
and the grey blonde in bed  
with me asks  
"what's all the noise?"  
and I say,  
"the world is coming  
to an end."  
and we sit in the window  
and watch, strangely  
happy. we have 14 cigarettes  
and a bottle of wine.  
enough to last  
until they  
find us.

— Charles Bukowski

### Suburban Matron, They'll Call Her

SUBURBAN MATRON, they'll call her, and add  
that she was THIRTY-SEVEN. MOTHER OF TWO,  
they'll say, beneath the photo in her  
wedding dress some sixteen years before.  
AMBER EYED, they'll write, FIVE FEET FOUR  
AND SLENDER, under the blurry album-wrested picture  
of her squinting into the hard impartial eye  
of an unremembered summer afternoon.

ARTIST, they'll call me, suggesting Paris  
of the Twenties or the West Coast fable of the  
Fifties; UNEMPLOYED PAINTER, using for proof  
the vicious charcoal I committed one black  
bedevilled day in self-damnation. MARRIED  
ONCE BEFORE, they'll say, DIVORCED; and DEAD  
AT THIRTY-SIX, clapping shut the record book  
on one more swift sanguinolent career.

He will be the HUSBAND IN THE CASE. WAR RECORD  
will hint of hero, and you'll read that in  
COLLEGE he played TENNIS. COMMUTER, they'll  
say, JUNIOR EXECUTIVE, inching up the status